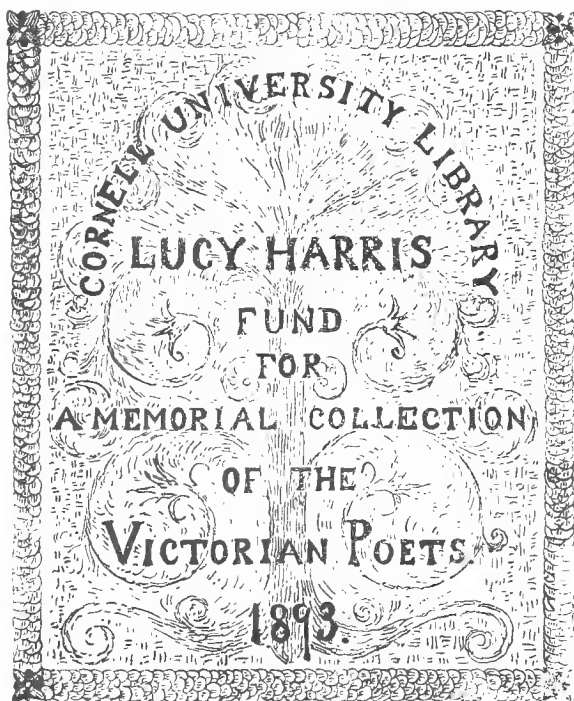




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FASCICULUS.



“ All grain wants winnowing.
There hangs a chaff about it, barn-door dust,
Cobwebs, small insects.”

And some gleaners find
That their whole bundle proves but little else—
Scarce worth the winnowing.



L O N D O N :

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1869.



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I.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



STRANGER, wandering forth one
sunny day,
Glad to escape the din of crowded
streets,

Sought those twin towers of grey, that overtop,
In grave and silent majesty, the roofs
Of Western London.

'Twas the hour of prayer ;
A soft and solemn chant was streaming slow
From the inner quire. And, save himself, but one
Stood there to break the spell of solitude,—

A man of mark, whose forehead arch'd and high,
And pallid features, caught the wand'ring gaze,
And fixed it. He it was, who in sweet verse
Unravell'd all the mystic links that form
The chain of Memory.

As he slowly moved
Over the dust of poets, tracing, one by one,
The deathless names of ages long gone by,
Wrapp'd in the pleasures which himself had sung,
Methought how justly might he whisper now,
'Touch'd with the pride of conscious brotherhood,
“*Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis.*”



On receiving a copy of these lines Rogers sent
to the writer the following acknowledgment :—

“ SIR,

“ Many thanks for the honour you have done me,—an honour I little deserve.

“ What remains of me here, when I am gone, will most probably, and very soon, be deposited in a country churchyard.¹ But wherever my grave may be, you will not, I am sure, if by chance you come that way, pass by it with an ungenerous feeling.

“ SAMUEL ROGERS.”

“ St. James's Place,

“ Sept. 20, 1839.

¹ When this was written Rogers was about 76. He died at the age of 92, and was interred in a family vault at Hornsey.



II.

THE CHURCHYARD OF BEAUMONT,
ESSEX.

SEEST thou this grassy mound? Now raise
thine eyes,

Look onward to the distant sea, and trace
The fringing line of breakers, as they whiten
The entrance to our bay.

Some while ago
It chanced that he who raised this house of prayer,
Who taught God's truth within its walls, and who
Now sleeps beneath its shade,—it chanced that he,
The pastor much-beloved,¹ stood with his friend
On the same spot where we now stand, and gazed,
As we do, on the seaward spectacle.

¹ The Rev. W. R. Browell, Rector of Beaumont, and Rural Dean; once Fellow and Tutor of Pembroke College, Oxford.

The friend remark'd that such a scene as this
To minds contemplative fit theme suggests
For wholesome thought. Afar, the restless sea
Chafing itself, its murmur scarcely heard ;
Close by, the church, with long and deep-drawn roof,
Tall trees o'er-hanging. Not a sound to break
The sacred stillness save the murmuring sea.

The other said, "To me the thought occurs,
That while I see afar in those white waves
An emblem of the world's turmoil, that chafes
Continuously without, I see more close,
Even here before my feet, the grassy turf,
Where one day will be found my resting-place."

* * * * *

That resting-place he now has found.



III.

THE TOMB.

From the French.

THE Tomb said to the Rose,

“O flower of love,

Where are the tears that dewy morn on thee
Sheds from above?”

The Rose said to the Tomb,

“Grave, tell me this :

Where are the souls that daily disappear
In thine abyss?”

The Rose replied, “O sad

And dismal Tomb,

Out of those tears I do distil
A sweet perfume.”

The Tomb replied, “O flower

Blushing and bright,

Out of the souls that come to me, I make
Angels of light.”

IV.

ON THE DISCOVERY OF CERTAIN REMAINS
OF AN ANCIENT HOSPITAL,
IN PREPARING FOR THE SITE OF THE NEW CHAPEL
OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.



IX hundred years ago,¹ as legends tell,
Yon deep-set windows lighted up a room²
Where, side by side, each on his lowly bed,
Sick men were laid,—and listen'd as they lay,
To voices chanting praise, or uttering prayer
In the adjacent oratory.—Thus
The “sick, infirm, and poor” found refuge here,
And bless'd the name of pious Henry Frost,
Six hundred years ago.

¹ The Hospital of St. John the Evangelist was founded for the reception of poor, sick, and infirm persons by Henry Frost, a burghess of Cambridge.

² A large, long hall, having at the eastern end an oratory, shut off by a screen.

At length a change,
A sweeping change—in this the self-same room,
Where sick men lay, horses are stall'd and fed :¹
Rude stamp of groom is heard along the floor,
Where foot of nurse and leech had gently trod ;
And other voices heard than voice of prayer.

And now another change—This angular spot,
Pierced through with labyrinthine passages
Tortuous and dark, was added as a suburb
To the great college planted by its side.²
Fresh-coloured freshmen, hardy lads o' the north,
Cheerful as larks, within their dusky rooms
Wrought out distinction. Here their starting-place
Into the busy world.

Now, on the spot
Where sick men lay, where horses neigh'd, and where
The aspiring student trimm'd his midnight lamp,
Where stands yon shatter'd wall, a house of prayer

¹ In 1560 the long hall, or infirmary, was converted into a stable for the horses of the Master of the College.

² In 1587 the building was divided into students' rooms, and the external wall faced with red brickwork.

Will rear its form majestic. Strains of praise
Will peal aloft in solemn harmony,
And prayer again be said, as it was said
On the same spot, six hundred years ago.

And may the worshippers in that fair pile,
Think of the gift of pious Henry Frost :
Think how he loved the " sick, infirm, and poor ;"
And think of One, who said to each of us,
" Go, and do likewise."

1866.



V.

A TRADITIONARY STORY
OF VENICE.

See Marsden's "Travels of Marco Polo," p. xvi.



THREE strangers came to Venice—men they
were,

Much travel-worn : and though they spake
the tongue

Of Venice, 'twas with accent barbarous
And idiom strange. Mean was the garb they wore,
And much unlike the garb of Italy.
A mansion in the street Chrysostomo,
Where the great Polo family once dwelt,
They claim to be their own. For they allege
That in that family they stand the chief,
To wit Maffeo, Nicolo, and Marco ;
Who, four and twenty years ago left Venice
For the far East, and long were deem'd as dead.
But that they were the very Nicolo,

Maffeo, Marco, was by many doubted.
None recognised their features, and they seem'd
A sorry group to grace the halls of Polo.

Howe'er that was, the strangers gave a feast,
Inviting thereto all the Polo tribe ;
And when the guests were gather'd, these three
men
Came forth to join them from an inner room,
Array'd in princely robes of crimson satin.
These having doff'd, a second time they came,
Array'd in crimson damask. Then in velvet :
And so sat down to meat.

When that was o'er,
They doff'd the velvet also ; and in garb
Apparell'd like the rest, sat down among them.
Meanwhile the crimson robes, satin, and damask,
And velvet, taken piece from piece, were shared
By the retainers present. Marco, then,
Brought out three suits of fashion nondescript,
Coarse, mean, and threadbare ; being the very dress
In which, two months before, the travellers
Had come to Venice. These they cut and hack'd,

Rending the seams, off-stripping with the knife
Lining and patches.

Thence flow'd forth apace,
As from an open'd sluice, a stream continuous
Of rubies, sapphires, precious carbuncles,
Diamonds and emeralds.

In mute amaze
The guests look'd on. A heap of wealth untold
Lay piled before them. And they own'd at last,
That men, who by their own stout arm and prudent
head
Had won such wealth as this, though mean the
garb
In which they came to Venice, must be men
Of mark, and worthy of that noble house,
Of which they claimed to be the chief: to wit
Maffeo Polo, Nicolo, and Marco.

.

VI.

THE BUST OF ARISTOTLE.

From the Chancellor de l'Hospital.

 HIS face of mine, as I am told,
Recalls yon Stagyrte of old.
They tell me too, the likeness fits
In taste, pursuits, and eke in wits.
So say the poets, who with ease,
Make fibs and fictions as they please ;
But they who scan me o'er and o'er
Allow two points and nothing more.
Mine head so bald, my brows so white,
Further, they see no Stagyrte.



VII.

THE FOLLY OF ANTICIPATING
EVIL.*From Sir Thomas More.*

FOOL ! thy bosom thus to fill
With boding fears of future ill.
If it cometh not, 'tis plain
Thou hast suffer'd needless pain,
If it come, however sore
Troubles press'd on thee before,
Thou hast added one grief more.



VIII.

Prudens futuri temporis exitum
Caliginosâ nocte premit Deus.

HORACE.

From Sir Thomas More.



WITH but one month to live, thy soul
Would sink to earth.
To-morrow thou may'st die, and yet
Thou'rt full of mirth.

IX.

ANTICIPATION OF EVIL.

From Sir Thomas More.



GRIEVE not for the dead :
I grieve for some I see,
Living men tortured with the dread
Of evil yet to be.

X.

“BEWARE OF COVETOUSNESS,
WHICH IS IDOLATRY.”

From Sir Thomas More.



VARUS chuckling o'er his pelf
His days in dreaming passed.
Death woke him up,—he found himself
How poor a man, at last !



XI.

FAMILIARITY WITH PRINCES.

From Sir Thomas More.

Est quiddam in nobis præsentiens atque divinans.

THOU boastest access free to kingly ears,
 Jestest with royalty in sportive mood :
 Just so men sport with the tamed lion's
 brood,
 Withouten harm, though not withouten fears.

From cause unknown grim fury 'gins to chafe,
And in thy sporting sudden death ensues.'¹
Pleasure like thine, though great, I would refuse;
Less pleasure choosing, an' I find it safe.

¹ On one occasion, when the King had been walking for an hour in the garden, with his arm round Sir Thomas More's neck, which was a degree of familiarity seldom shown even to Cardinal Wolsey, More remarked ;—" Notwithstanding all this, if my head would win him a castle in France, it would not fail to be struck off."

XII.

THE SLIPPERY DEBTOR.

From Sir Thomas More.



TYNDAL, there was once a time,
A pleasant time of old,
Before thou cam'st a borrowing,
Before I lent thee gold,

When scarce a single day did close
But we, mine ancient friend,
Were wont, as often as I chose,
A social hour to spend.

But now, if e'er perchance we meet,
Anon I see thee take
Quick to thine heels adown the street,
Like one who sees a snake.

Believe me, for the dirty pelf
I never did intend
To ask ; and yet, spite of myself,
I must, or lose my friend.

To lose the money I consent,
So that I lose not thee ;
And thee to lose I am content,
If safe the money be.

With or without it, pray return,
I take thee nothing loth ;
But, sooth, it makes my spirit yearn
Thus to resign you both.

If thou returnest not, at least
Return the money due ;
And I to thee shall then return
A long and last adieu.



XIII.

PERPUSILLUS.

From Sir Thomas More.

EARY of life, the tiny elf
A cobweb found, and hung himself.

XIV.

THE ASTROLOGER.

From Sir Thomas More.

HE crowd proclaim thee wondrous wise,
If, out of all thy prophecies,
One only proveth true.
Be, Fabianus, always *wrong*,
Then will I join the gaping throng,
And hail thee prophet too.

XV.

GALLO-MANIA.

From Sir Thomas More.

FRIEND and chum I have, called Lalus,
who
Was born in Britain and in Britain bred.
And though by seas, by manners, and by speech,
We islanders are sever'd from the French,
Lalus holds British ways and fashions cheap,
Doting upon the French.

He struts about
In cloaks of fashion French. His girdle, purse,
And sword are French. His hat is French.
His nether limbs are cased in French costume.
His shoes are French. In short, from top to toe
He stands the Frenchman.

Furthermore, he keeps
One only servant: This man, too, is French;

And could not, as I think, e'en by the French,
Be treated more in fashion of the French.
Lalus ne'er pays him wages,—that is French ;
He clothes him meanly,—that again is French ;
Stints him with meagre victuals,—that is French ;
Works him to death,—and this again is French ;
Belabours him full oft,—and that is French.
And in the street, the market, every place
Where men resort, delights in sorry French
To chide the knave ; knowing as much of French
As parrots know of Latin. If he speak
Though but three little words in French, he swells,
And plumes himself on his proficiency.
And his French failing, then he utters words
Coin'd by himself, with widely-gaping mouth
And sound acute, thinking to make at least
The accent French.

* * * * *

With accent French he speaks the Latin tongue,
With accent French the tongue of Lombardy,
To Spanish words he gives an accent French,
German he speaks with the same accent French.
In truth, he seems to speak with accent French

All but the French itself. The French he speaks
With accent British.

* * * * *

In short, of all the fopperies of France
He is an Ape,—a very Ape.

* * * * *



XVI.

HINTS TO THE CLERICAL
ASPIRANT.*From Sir Thomas More.*

O ill thou chantest, one might almost deem
Thee destined as the lord of some rich
see ;
So well thou readest, one can never dream
Aught better than thou art that thou wilt be.
Chanting and reading well, in simple troth,
If thou would'st thrive i' the Church, eschew them
both.



XVII.

THE PORTLY PRIEST.

From Sir Thomas More.

UCH knowledge puffeth up, thou say'st,
And what thou say'st is true ;
But, looking at thy breadth of waist,
Scant knowledge doth it too.



XVIII.

THE COURTIER AND THE
PEASANT.*From Sir Thomas More.*

ISMOUNTING with a lordly air,
“ Hold me this horse, you fellow there,”
A courtier cried. As if afraid
T’advance a step, the peasant said,
“ Good sir, an’ I be not too bold,
That rampant steed can one man hold?”
“ Ay, one can do’t.” “ If so it be,
Hold him thyself, no need of me !”



XIX.

THE DECEPTIVE LOOKING-GLASS.

From Sir Thomas More.

ELLIA, thy looking-glass is all a snare :—

If it told true,

A second time therein thou would'st not
dare

Thyself to view.

XX.

TO THE SAME LADY.

From Sir Thomas More.ELLIA, the man is wrong who calls thee
dark :

Who calls thee black, is nearer to the mark.

XXI.

THE HOUR-GLASS.

From Hieron. Amaltheus.

 HE dust that trickles through this glass,
Marking the moments as they pass,
Was once Alcippus, who, combust
By Galla's lightning, shrank to dust.
Ill-fated dust, thus doom'd to prove,
No rest remains to those who love.

XXII.

AN EVIL CONSCIENCE.

From the Greek.

 HORT is life's whole career to those
Who think and act aright.
But wicked men will find an age
E'en in one single night.

XXIII.

GOLD.

From the Greek.

OLD ! thou sire of sordid flatt'ry,
Gold, with wasting care begot !
Always fearful, he who holds thee ;
Fretful, he who holds thee not.

XXIV.

THE SLOTHFUL.

From the Greek.

N gaol the slothful Marcus lay,
With charge of crime no longer press'd,
Rather than rise and walk away,
He closed his eyelids, and confess'd

XXV.

WEARY OF LIFE.

From the Greek.

IS here I Dionysius lie,
Evil my days have been and few ;
I passed through life without a wife,
Oh that my sire had done so too !

XXVI.

THE GOUT.

From the Greek.

ERE rests a miserable elf,
Who able scarce to move himself,
Lived on in gouty plight.
And yet, the long and weary road,
That leads to Pluto's drear abode,
He travell'd in a night.

XXVII.

SECRETS OF THE TOILET.

From the Greek.

ICYLLA dyes her hair : who would have
thought it ?

Not so : the hair was dyed before she
bought it.

XXVIII.

EPITAPH ON A PUGILIST.

From the Greek.

O Ajax, grateful ever
His comrades placed this stone,
For of them all he never
So much as wounded one.

XXIX.

IO WATCHED BY ARGUS.

Original.

MASTER'S eye, 'tis said in Greek,
Will make the ox grow fat and sleek.
One eye does this: I've sometimes wondered
What Io grew beneath the hundred.

XXX.

POSTHUMOUS FAME.

From Martial.

THE Poet's meed Vacerra deigns to give
To none that live ;
And yet to please Vacerra scarce would I
Consent to die.

XXXI.

THE SUICIDAL FUGITIVE.

From Martial.

ANQUISH'D, he fled ; and slew himself
while flying,
How strange, from death to save one's
self by dying !

XXXII.

THE YOUNG LADY " OF
THE PERIOD."*From Martial.*

AULA fain would marry Priscus :
She is wise, I trow.
Priscus will not marry Paula :
Priscus, wise art thou.

XXXIII.

THE FAWNING FLATTERER.

From J. Owen.

ON fawning dog, to coax his master's eye,
His tail doth wag oft and continuously ;
While man, the sole one nature's tribes
among
Who lacks a tail, fawning doth wag his tongue.



XXXIV.

TO GELLIA, LEARNING
GRAMMAR.*From J. Owen.*

F that which teacheth how to talk be
Grammar,
As wise men tell ;
For thee 'tis useless o'er its rules to hammer,—
Thou know'st it well.



XXXV.

THE LADY AND THE LOOKING-
GLASS.*From J. Owen.*

WHEN in the glass thy face thou viewest,
Suffer not pride to creep within ;
For, bright, yet fragile, fair, yet fleeting,
Thou and thy glass are near akin.



XXXVI.

THE CYNIC.

From the French.

N all the world I find nought good ;—
So say'st thou in thy jaundiced mood.

Write verse, my friend.

For never yet was man, but could
In his own verse find somewhat good.



XXXVII.

THE BARBER'S WIT.

Original.

HEN barber King shaved lordly Pretymen,
“Not every one,” the latter straight began,
“Like you can boast to have shaved a
bishop.” “True,”
The barber said, “neither, my lord, like you
Can every bishop boast so rare a thing
As to be shaved, as you are, by a king!”

The incident above recorded took place at Ayscoughfee Hall, Lincolnshire.

XXXVIII.

THE POOR-LAW GUARDIAN.

Original.

ENEATH this stone a man doth lie,
Who strove the flesh to mortify,
Wearing away, to skin and bone,
Other men's bodies,—not his own.



XXXIX.

THE SHELL AND THE
CENTIPEDE.*Original.*

“ Then apply
Its polish’d lips to your attentive ear ;
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there ! ”

W. S. LANDOR.



DOUBTLESS a man of taste thou art,
Loving in Fancy’s realm to wander.
Perhaps thou knowest well by heart
These lines of Walter Savage Landor.

And sometime, when thou see’st a shell,
‘ A sinuous shell of lustre pearly,’
Thou may’st incline to try the spell,
And prove its power auricularly.

But pause awhile, and think upon
This true and rather thrilling story :
For danger lurks, I'll prove anon,
In such a shell as that before ye.

A sailor boy, the widow's son,
Dwelling hard by in cottage shady,
Just such a shell as that brought home,
A present to the parson's lady.

And that same evening, *tête-à-tête*,
As wise as any goose and gander,
Sposo and she began to prate
First on the shell, and then on Landor.

Of course they duly tried the spell,
And put to test the poet's notion ;
Of course they heard its murmurs tell
Of the "august abodes" of ocean.

But lo ! his reverence starts aghast ;
What horror in that look is spoken !
Adown with stroke convulsive cast,
Both shell and spell at once are broken.

For 'tween those "polish'd lips" he sees
A sight to set one's flesh a-creeping,
Grimly from its "angust abode"
A huge brown centipede is peeping.

The monster, born in warmer clime,
By Northern air nipt-up and frozen,
Preparing for a winter's nap,
For his snug berth this shell had chosen.

And now, enliven'd by the warmth,
His hundred legs in motion horrid
He fain would try ; thinking himself
Once more beneath the zone so torrid.

Then all who take up shells like these,
With pearly tints and hues of coral,
One moment listen, if you please,
To hear this simple story's moral.

The poet's craft we all respect,
The spark divine, we don't deny it,
All that they state may be correct ;
But pray be cautious ere you try it !

XL.

THE RAILWAY GUARD.

Original.

ON smiling guard, like Watts's bee,
 "Improves each shining hour,
Gathering sweet honey all the day,"
Half-crown or shilling, as he may,
 "From every opening flower."

The semblance of Pope's spider too,
 He doth withal combine :
From morn to night still on the go,
For ever gliding to and fro,
 He "lives along the line."¹

¹ "The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine,
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line."

Essay on Man, Ep. i. p. 218.

XLI.

THE TOO-SHORT SERMON.

From a Cambridge Prize Epigram, by Baron Alderson.



CERTAIN grave divine¹ before the court
A sermon preach'd of power and pith, yet
short.

The Queen, admiring, told him how that she
In all he said one only fault could see,
Its shortness. "Yet, had time been at my will,"
The preacher said, "'twould have been shorter still."

¹ Tillotson.

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